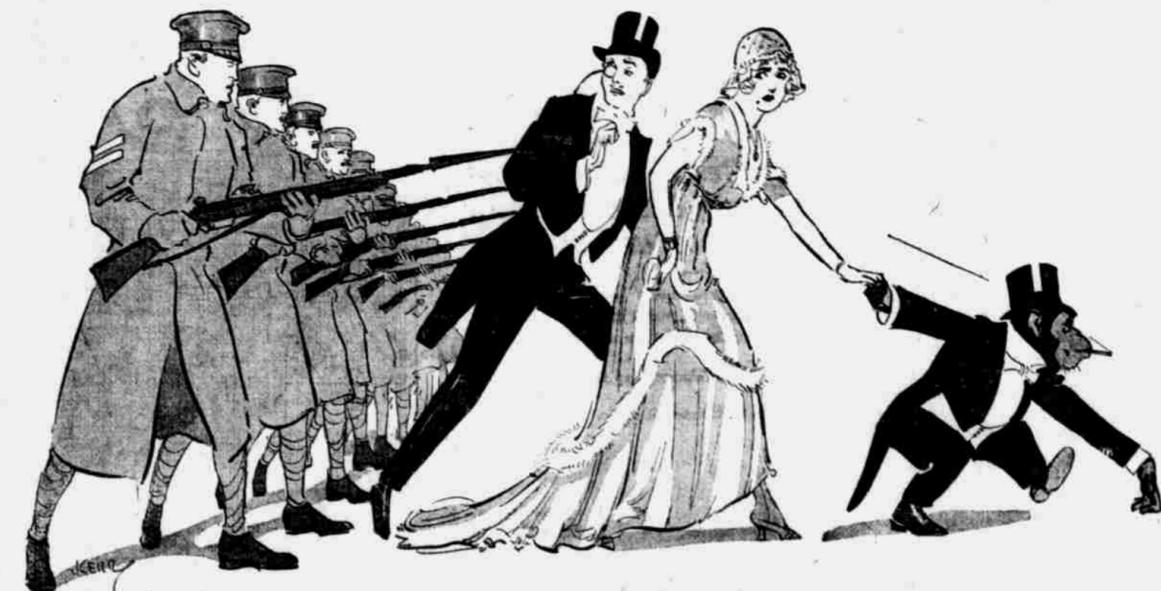


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## Uncle Sam's Marines Driving Society Out of Newport!



"Steadily the Government Marches On with Its Purchases and Options. The Bayonets of Uncle Sam's Marines Push Before Them the Fashionable Society of Newport, Monkey Dinners and All."

### How the Government's Decision to Make the Famous Resort Its Greatest Naval Base Will Wipe America's Frivolous Fashionable Colony Off the Map

Newport, Feb. 6.

NEWPORT as a purely frivolous summer resort must go. The millionaire palaces, the "farms," at present the pride of the country, are to become things of the past. The military and naval authorities of the United States are preparing to demolish Newport, and it is only a question of time when Newport's iron-bound coastline will be a coastline of guns and mortars. This work of demolition has been going on slowly but surely for years. It is only recently that the Government has shown its hand plainly.

Of course, the Government realizes that the millionaires and society dames are important—we must have them. But it also realizes that as a naval station and military base the Queen City is of the most vital importance. Narragansett Bay, the large body of water indenting the whole State of Rhode Island, is the most important strategic waterway on the Atlantic seaboard. Admiral French E. Chadwick, when Commandant of the Newport Naval Station, said this, and he smiles now when he sees the present developments.

It is because of this importance that the Government is quietly buying up great tracts of property along Newport's water front and acquiring options on the valuable properties adjoining Fort Adams.

The estates of Edwin D. Morgan, Lewis Cass Ledyard, young John Nicholas Brown, the once-richest boy-in-the-world; Seth Low and Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt lie in this danger zone.

Newport is on an island ten miles long, the Isle of Aquidneck, the

Indian name for Peace. At the sea end of this island, is the Queen City, with rocky peninsulas running into the ocean and into the bay. Each one of these points is to be fortified. The rest of the island is to serve the navy in one way and another.

To the north, Coddington Cove, now the practice ground for the submarine and torpedo boats, is to be made into a huge dry dock, the largest in the world. Coddington Point, now owned by Louis Bruguiere, is to be heavily fortified. Mr. Bruguiere's new colonial mansion will be done away with. It cost several hundred thousand dollars, but it is in the way. It may, perchance, be turned into barracks. Enlisted men will perhaps eat in the banquet hall where Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs have dined.

All the north shore with its valuable summer houses has been surveyed by the Government. Options on the shore from Coasters Harbor Island to Portsmouth, have been acquired. And if availed of, what marvelous changes there will be. What will the new Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt do? She has, at last, after divorcing her first husband, succeeded in winning a Newport position. And now, if the Government carries out its plans, her position will not be worth tuppence. Poor Mrs. Alfred!

But why this concentration at Newport? Why destroy the magical city built by millionaires? The answer is easy. Because Narragansett Bay is the key to the whole of the New England and Middle States. This bay, with its miles of good roadsteads, its unusually wide channels, lies half way be-

tween New York and Boston. It controls the approach to both cities by land and water. Should a foreign army land, to-day, on the unprotected shores of the bay, it would find the way north to Boston, the way south, to New York, clear before it! The Government is thus more eager to fortify Newport and its waters than New York or Boston.

Making Newport the biggest naval base in the country means the almost perfect protection of New York and Boston. Torpedo boats, submarines, dreadnaughts can be sent out from this base and reach either city in a few hours. When all the vessels are equipped with oil-burning engines, these few hours will be cut in half! There is ample room for an aero-nautic school. Right here, within a radius of a few miles, every department of a most complete united service can be developed. And developed on the largest scale. There is room for everything.

Last season, Stuart Duncan, a Newport multi-millionaire, secured permission from the naval authorities to keep his big airships on the grounds at Fort Kearney, just north of Narragansett Pier. His daily practices were an object lesson to the service.

The expansion of the naval base means also the expansion of the military post. Fort Adams is the second largest fortress in the country. It will be made one of first importance if the War Department is permitted to carry out its plans. Fort Adams occupies the largest front of land jutting out into the bay. All around this point are beautiful estates, worth many millions. The estate of Arthur Curtis

James, just completed, and furnished, at a cost of a million and a half touches the fort, and so does Beacon Rock, Edwin Morgan's handsome home. Nearby are a dozen other properties, and on all this the Government has laid covetous eyes, and as many options as it now deems necessary. On these properties the War Department trains its heavy guns and, says, "Gentlemen get out, or you will get hurt."

Newport millionaires are in a sad way! Their homes, their very playground is threatened by the Service! The Government not only says, "I need your land to build upon," but "I shall take the waters of your bay, as well!"

And why not? For years Narragansett Bay, big enough to float all the navies of the world, has been the playground for American millionaires. For years, it has been the pleasure ground of any one owning a sail boat or steam yacht. The Government has given them a free rein, but now it can do so no longer. The bay, its shores, its islands, its waters must be given over to the United Service. And naturally this means the demolition of the Queen City.

The whole country is interested in the latest development. The whole country wants to know if the picturesque side of Newport is to become a thing of the past. Will military sentries pace the cliff walk where beauty and wealth now play? Will the Breakers, Marble House, the Berwind palace become military prisons, barracks for enlisted men? Will these mansions where the officers of the Service and their wives are now snubbed become, in turn, the property of the Government? Well, not soon, but soon!

All parts of Newport are affected by these rumored changes. Last August Mr. T. Sufferin Tailer staggered into friends by buying up the polo grounds on the Ocean Drive and other large plots in that direction. Why did Mr. Tailer purchase this undeveloped, apparently useless land? To provide a playground for his millionaire friends? No! It is the highest point of land on the ocean front of Newport, it also controls the one little cove where a sea harbor might be developed. Already Newport sees a fortification, an observatory and other military side shows on this important property.

Just after the polo ground purchase, Mr. James and Mr. Duncan bought in a large property on the harbor front, between Mrs. Vanderbilt's and young Brown's estates. Why did they make these apparently useless investments? When Fort Adams is extended and the whole southern part of the harbor is taken over by the Government, these properties must be included.

For years, right under the eyes of the circus set, Fort Adams has changed character completely. The fortifications are distinctly modern, and up-to-date. There is a large colony of officers' wives, daughters and sisters living on the reservation. But not even the wife of the commanding officer knows where the most important fortifications are! Not even a junior officer can go through the whole fort! He does not know all the secrets!

No one workman worked on all parts of these fortifications. That wall is left because of its history, it is almost as old as the country, but it has nothing to do with the fortifications.

And so it is, all along the coast. Innocent looking rocks hide heavy guns and mortars. Nothing is what it seems to be!

And how can the cliff dwellers, a mile or two away be affected by the extension of Fort Adams? No one admits that a military post is a quiet neighbor! Guns must be tested, and when the heavy guns at Adams and Greble are being fired, the whole island quivers, windows are broken, valuable paintings dashed to the floors and walls injured. Things are bad enough as they are. With the development of the future they will be far worse. Last October residents near the fort were driven away during the heavy firing. Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Morgan ran away to escape the noise they returned to broken windows and cracked walls.

Newport itself is but a part of the general fortification, all sides of the bay must be fortified. Jamestown, just across from Fort Adams, bristles with guns and earthworks. The summer home of

Mrs. Isaac Clothier, of Philadelphia, is in the midst of an arsenal, and the end is not yet. Property owned by Mr. Price Wetherill, also of Philadelphia, has been bought by the War Department.

Behind Jamestown, in what is called the West Passage, is Fort Greble. This fort controls the passage to Providence, it protects the bathers at Narragansett Pier and also the ocean entrance to Newport harbor. The guns on this island can drop a shell twelve miles away.

With these guns added to, with the guns on the nearby shores increased, what pleasure will yachtsmen have in these waters? Not long ago Mr. Harry Payne Whitney's yacht was struck by a shell, last August a big fishing schooner, was struck by a steel projectile. The projectile went through the deck, passing between four men grouped forward, and luckily for all hands, sank into the water tank.

That accident was not due to carelessness, every precaution was taken. At the investigation, it was found that something was wrong with the deflector. But such accidents spoil the bay as a playground. It will no longer be pleasant for Colonel Astor to take luncheon parties out on the Noma, or

for Commodore Gerry to take picnic parties out in his big *Electra*. The waters of the future belong to the Army and Navy.

There is something amusing in seeing Newport at last held at the mercy of the United Service! How the wives, once disdained, will chortle when the circus set moves weepingly onward!

The Gould family do not care to spend their Summers in Newport. If they go there next Summer they will see the house where Jay Gould planned Black Friday transformed into a hospital annex. The naval hospital, a new building, occupies the lawns of the old place, the big old house remains, but it does not look as it did when Jay Gould lived there.

When the circus set swoops down on Newport next Summer it had better bring along plenty of absorbent cotton. The Government is dredging the inner harbor, the channel must be widened so that warships can move about with ease. The dredger works night and day and on Sundays, too! It makes a weird sound which can be heard all over town, and it is most nerve-racking.

The cottagers complained in the Fall, but the Government told them they would have to stand it. There are thus many things which will demolish the playground of the circus set. The Government will eventually drive them out without buying their estates.

To look at this whole development calmly, it certainly would seem that Newport, the queen of all watering places, is doomed to get her's very soon.



Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt No. 2—Formerly Mrs. McKim of Baltimore—Who Has Attained Newport's Height Only to See All Newport Vanish.

PHOTO BY AINE DUPONT N.Y.



A Diagrammatic Map of Newport and Narragansett Pier. The Darker Shaded Portions Show the Parts Covered by Private Options.